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Voices of Peace

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VOICES OF PEACE

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VOICES *of* PEACE

VOLUME I JANUARY, 1921 No. 5

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"BUSY"

"Busy." We are all familiar with that word, for it confronts us daily in the form of huge signs tacked on doors. What does this word mean to you? Does it mean a "keep out," or an invitation? We all know what a "Busy" really means. It means that the occupant of the room is busy or wishes privacy, and it is purely an act of courtesy to respect the sign on her door.

When one sees PRIVATE on the door of an office, one does not think of intruding, nor does he deliberately walk on grass when there is a sign "Keep Off—$5.00 Fine." The *Busy* signs on our doors are as truly laws as other prohibitive signs are.

A "Busy" may mean a hard lesson, house-cleaning, or even a box from home, but whatever the purpose in putting it up, it is meant for outsiders to observe. This little act of courtesy has lately been ignored by many of us, and, whether it be through oversight or thoughtlessness, the observance of these unwritten laws has been neglected. A "Busy" should mean "Busy" to all of us, and "KEEP OUT."

SPONGES

If we should look in Webster's Dictionary we would see for one definition of the word *sponge,* "To deprive of something by imposition; to get by imposition or mean acts without cost; to suck in, or imbibe, as a sponge; to gain by mean arts, by intrusion, or hanging on."

I wonder just how many of us have ever thought of a sponge in this way, or have ever compared ourselves to sponges. We know that it would make us furious for any one else to call us sponges, but in a boarding-school we are all, more or less, sponges.

We can be sponges in a thousand ways, but our most common way of sponging is borrowing. It is such an easy matter to borrow two or three hair-pins, pins, pencils, or other trivial articles, which really do not amount to very much. But, at the same time, it is sponging. Many of us have experienced the sensation of opening our wardrobes to find that our best hats and dresses have "walked out," we know not where, unless the intruder has been thoughtful enough to leave a little note wig-wagging from the pin-cushion, and saying, "Darling, I borrowed your hat and dress; I knew you wouldn't mind."

Then there is the girl who "absorbs" the contents of your box from home; the girl who never sees the "Busy" on your door; the girl who always turns everything topsy-turvy while looking for your tennis balls. There is the girl who never has pins, hair-pins or powder. She always makes it a point to come to your room to put on the finishing touches, and supplies herself lavishly from your already reduced supply of hair-pins and "Mary Garden."

Everybody hates a sponger, yet we live from day to day absorbing what is not rightfully ours, whether we borrow, intrude, or impose on those whom we *say* are our friends.

To the loving memory of her who has ever been our staunch friend and loyal supporter

Mrs. Mary Penick Baumann

Born May 24, 1841 Died January 8, 1921

In memory of

Gladys Powell

Our friend and schoolmate

SUNDAY NIGHT SUPPERS

Sunday night suppers at Peace
  Are always a surprise;
You never know from week to week
  What next will meet your eyes.

At first they were *al fresco,*
  In cafeteria style;
We sat upon the campus,
  And ate and talked awhile.

Then, when at five o'clock 'twas dark,
  And southern winds grew strong,
We needs must move inside the house,
  And take our eats along.

Next, one Sunday after dinner,
  The maid came smiling in,
Surrounded on all sides
  By food up to her chin.

Plates and doilies, too, she brought.
  And we began to stare;
Then they told us 'twas our supper,
  Which we were to prepare.

Perhaps we didn't do it right,
  For then they tried another *tack;*
Next Sunday noon we got our lunch,
  Dressed up in a paper sack.

There was but one flaw in this plan:
  'Twas that in Quiet Hour,
Though knowing it was all we had,
  Our lunches we'd devour.

This was met by another scheme,
  Which filled us with delight;
Y. W. girls delivered lunch
  At six o'clock at night.

With all these clever plans,
  We really are perplexed
To know how Sunday suppers
  Will be served to us next.

REBECCA STICE, '24, Σ Φ K

THE BUBBLE THAT DIDN'T BURST

Mail-call was over and the "Noble Nine" had dropped into Velinda's room, as usual, to read their mail.

"Oh, Boy!" came a sudden exclamation from the window. Velinda was flushed with excitement as she perused a tiny white card. "Listen, girls!" she cried: " 'The Rho Chapter of the Delta Sigma Phi Fraternity invites you to attend its annual dance, May seventh, one thousand, nine hundred and twenty.' Now, you *know* that's sweet of Bob!" she added enthusiastically, as she thrust the invitation into her sweater pocket.

"Sweet indeed," said Sue, unconcernedly.

"What does he hope for, putting out invitations over this way?" exclaimed Gertrude.

"Let's all go," said Emily, gayly.

"By all means," put in Katherine, sarcastically.

"Yes," laughed Sara, "better ask Dr. Byrd at once."

"Wouldn't he *drop dead though?*" said Betsie.

"Right sweet of the old boy to *think* of you, any way," said Kate, with a yawn.

Velinda said nothing, but smiled to herself. She had a hunch that—something would happen.

All day long Velinda fingered the invitation that weighed down her pocket. She read it over and over again. She realized that she wanted to go to that dance as she had never wanted anything in her life. She could just close her eyes and see the gayly decorated hall, the merry groups of boys and girls, and—Bob. But, of course, it was absurd to think

of going. Why, no one had *ever* gone to a dance from the school—but, probably no one had ever asked. If she *could* only go, wouldn't it be just the grandest joke *ever* on the girls? They had treated her invitation as a joke—could she get it back on them? Velinda saw but one slim chance. Would she *dare* ask Dr. Byrd?

. . . . . .

At five o'clock that afternoon Velinda rapped timidly on the door of the President's office. The door was slightly ajar and she could hear the *click, click* of the typewriter.

"Come in and be seated," came a stern, impatient voice from inside.

Velinda entered noiselessly. The man at the large roller top desk did not look up. Velinda was a girl with plenty of so-called nerve and back-bone, but, in spite of that, her knees knocked together as she crossed the room and sat nervously on the edge of a straight mahogany chair. This was her first visit to the President's office, and truly she hoped it was her last. She was feeling exceedingly unnecessary.

It was an attractive room. Velinda realized that it was quite cosy and home-like, but my! how close it was. It was filled with the odor of cigar smoke. A clock on the wall ticked away at a rapid rate, but yet could not keep pace with Velinda's heart. She felt as if she had been suddenly dropped in a desert land where no one existed except herself and a frightful beast, who would turn upon her at any minute and devour her. This horrible feeling faded away as her eyes fell on a picture. It was *Washington Crossing the Delaware.* It seemed to give her renewed courage. She planted her feet squarely on the floor, sat back in her chair, and crossed her arms *à la Napoleon.* Velinda then, for the first time, studied the man before her. He was tall, middle-

aged, and substantial. Rather gray and stout, but *most* distinguished looking. He wore large steel-rimmed lorgnettes, which gave him an air of superiority and made him an object of terror in the eyes of the girls. Finally he turned suddenly around and looked at Velinda over the top of his glasses. Velinda was feeling more and more out of place.

"Well, what will you have?" he asked in rather a bored tone.

Velinda had composed her speech in Chemistry Lab., but alas, it had vanished from her memory and she simply drew the invitation from her pocket and handed it to him. She thought his hand trembled as he took it. His tired smile faded into a stern, hard frown. He studied the card for several minutes—hours, it seemed to Velinda. Of course, he would refuse. He probably thought she was crazy. What would the girls say if they knew she had asked him? What would they say if they knew he had refused? Then he looked up. His face again wore a calm expression. A great storm had passed over. He cleared his throat.

"Well, Miss Velinda," his deep voice filled the room. "Your record, I remember, is very good. I see no reason why I should not allow you this extraordinary pleasure. Give this to Miss Clemson," he said, as he turned and wrote a few words on the bottom of the card. "She will provide a chaperone for you."

Velinda sprang hastily to her feet, took the card, and with a profusion of thanks, retreated.

On the way to the Dean's office she did a few fancy steps that "no Russian dancer could ever equal," and when she reached a large glass door labeled, "Private," she knocked with assurance.

Miss Clemson looked pale and irritable. She took the card indifferently, read it, sat up in her chair, stared at Velinda with a puzzled expression, looked once more at the card, and hanging it on a hook, replied, "Very well."

. . . . . .

On Friday evening, when the "Noble Nine" rushed in to tell Velinda that the Davidson Glee Club was coming the next week, they found her standing before her long triple mirror, radiant in an evening dress of old rose and gold.

"Velinda," they all cried, "where *on earth* are you going?"

"To the dance. Why not?" she answered, trying to make her voice sound calm and steady. She was drawing an evening coat around her shoulders.

"Who *said* you could go?" they all asked in one breath.

"Dr. Byrd, of course," Velinda said, patting her nose with a powder puff and gazing critically into the mirror.

A car stopped by the terrace below and gave two loud honks. Velinda gathered up her slipper bag and fan, and blew a fleeting kiss to the dumb-founded "Noble Nine," who exclaimed in a chorus:

"*Of all* things!"

Velinda said nothing, but smiled to herself. She had a hunch that—some one was waiting for her.

ELIZABETH GIBSON, '22, Σ Φ K

AW—FUDGE!

One day in the Fall,
As I came down the hall
I could hardly believe it was true—
A transom flung wide,
And odors inside,
Of soup, fudge, and coffee came through.

I stood there spellbound,
Just looking around,
Wondering who guilty could be;
For it's long been a rule
In this stately old school,
That no chafing-dish pupils may see.

Then I passed on by
With my head held high,
For I knew 'twas a faculty member.
Now I wonder if she
Had forgotten that we
Stay as hungry as bears in December.

N. M. C. H., '22, Σ Φ K

LIFE ON A SOUTHERN PLANTATION BEFORE THE CIVIL WAR

The tourist from great centers of commercial activity, speeding over "ribbons of steel" through the slumberous South, in search of rest from bustle and care, views from his seat of comfort, vast stretches of apparent desolation, and has often been heard to exclaim, "How do these people live?" The scene justifies the thought. The continuity of miles of brown fields, stripped of their harvests of fleecy white, is in many sections unbroken except by scrubby pines, and the only human habitation is the lone negro cabin.

As great a wonder excites the mind of the rural citizen, when an invisible force carries him to the dizzy heights of the Woolworth building, or the surging throng on Wall Street jostles him to and fro.

Sad to say, we Americans are deplorably ignorant, one of the other. It is not amiss to preface pictures of antebellum plantation life by this reference, for, though the old time South has been spoken of as "a land where hospitality was the religion and chickens were born fried," there is, generally, outside the Southern States, a misconception of typical antebellum plantation life. A true estimate shows that it was a life of peace, prosperity and happiness for both master and slave.

Life and all activities on the plantation centered about the "Great House." This was the name given by the negroes to the home of the planter. The typical southern Colonial mansion was a large two-story structure, fashioned after the Grecian style of architecture. Generally the main part of the house was square and had a wing running off from one

side, or from the rear. One of the most striking characteristics of the house was its large front portico, with huge columns, which often ran the height of both stories.

The location of the "Great House" depended largely upon its ready access to a good spring, for in those days wells were rarely used. The house, usually in the midst of a big grove, sat somewhat off the main road. An avenue, sometimes a half mile long, bordered by cedar or mimosa trees, led up to the carriage gate, with its big white posts, which marked the entrance at the edge of the grove.

The beauty of the stately mansion was always enhanced by the picturesque surroundings. The garden was often a continuation of the smooth green lawn. It was laid off in stiff, old-fashioned walks, bordered with box bushes and flowering shrubs. Here it was that lilacs, sweet-betsies, kate-jessamines and old-fashioned roses grew and blossomed in profusion. Nearby were arbors of scuppernongs. There was always an orchard, spreading itself on a sunny slope near the house. In spring the gnarled old trees showered their blossoms upon the earth, adding to the beauty of the veritable Garden of Eden.

Further on, a gray stone wall inclosed the family burying-ground. Usually, a few old cedars stood as sentinels for the dead, and sweet honeysuckle entwined itself over the wall and about the green mounds.

Imagine the restfulness of sitting on the big piazza, in the soft twilight of a peaceful spring evening, the air pungent with the odor of honeysuckle, and fruit blossoms, the strumming of banjos and the melodious harmony of voices floating gently from the negro cabins!

There were a number of outhouses, which always stood near the "Great House." The most important among these were the "office" and the kitchen. The "office" was a house sometimes two stories high, with several rooms and a piazza.

The planter usually had his desk in the office and transacted all of his plantation business there. Some of the rooms were bed-rooms and were occupied by the men when the main house was crowded with guests. The office was often spoken of as "the house for the men and dogs," for here the gentlemen sat, discussing politics, smoking, and enjoying the companionship of their dogs.

The kitchen, too, was an outhouse, for it always stood some distance from the dining-room. This would seem quite strange now, and would cause many extra steps for the housewife. But in those days, when servants were plentiful, steps were not considered. The kitchen was thus placed in order to keep the main part of the house free from odors, quite pleasant in the kitchen but very undesirable in the front part of the house. A walk of flat stones, called "flagstones," led from the back of the house to the kitchen, and over this walk the food was carried in big covered dishes, by well-trained servants.

The family which composed the household of the "Great House" was one of gentle birth, culture, and refinement. The mistress and her daughter spent most of their time at home, interested in household affairs, and, according to the old southern idea, lived the ideal life for women, of luxury, ease, and comfort. The planter and his sons were fond of hunting and all outdoor sports. Such a life was on a high plane, led to a fondness for literature and the finer arts, and, altogether developed the nature of the old southern gentleman.

Rolling away in all directions from the "Great House," the plantation stretched for miles and miles. There were hundreds of acres of cotton, for cotton was the main product of the South. Corn, wheat, barley, and oats, spread like blankets, over vast fields. Beautiful meadows rolled for miles, and upon them droves of cattle fed. There were great forests composed of many kinds of valuable trees. Scattered here

and there, in picturesque spots, were the negro settlements. The negroes lived in what were called "slave quarters." Their dwellings were built of logs and sometimes had front and back porches. They stood in two or more long rows with a street between. At the back of each cabin was a garden and several fruit trees. All the plantation spoke of "peace, prosperity, and plenty," and the planter was truly "monarch of all he surveyed.

To us who live in the day of hustle and bustle, when communication, travel, transportation, all is rapid, almost instantaneous, the social life of the planter and his family would be one of tiresome monotony. However, there were social activities and interests which took the place of picture shows, auto rides, and such amusements that satisfy pleasure seekers of today.

Often, within a radius of fifteen or twenty miles, there would be only three or four congenial white families. There were no telephones, and the quickest means of communication was by fast horses. When an invitation to a dance or a dinner was issued, it was carried by a negro on horseback. The invitation was prepared with great care. It was written on a piece of foolscap and this sheet was tacked, by means of a bow of colored ribbon, to a piece of cardboard. The cardboard was put in a satchel and the satchel was hung over the shoulder of the rider. The same invitation was carried to first one neighbor and then another.

In case of a death, what was known as the funeral notice was sent. This was a piece of paper prepared in somewhat the same way as the invitation. The paper bore the name of the dead and the time and place of the funeral. In place of the colored ribbon there was always a black one.

On account of the distance and the slow means of traveling, when calls were to be paid they generally turned out to be visits of a day at least. Often the whole family would go

in the big carriage, and spend the day at some neighbor's house. A negro, called "an outrider," would always be sent ahead on horseback to notify the family on whom the call was to be made, of their coming guests.

Two of the most enjoyable social gatherings were the dance and the fox-hunt. The "Great House" was a scene of gaiety when a dance was given. Music was always furnished by the slaves. It is said that no race of people has a more natural ear for music than the negro race. Surely all of this natural gift was poured forth upon fiddle, mouth-harp, and banjo at those old-time dances. Light feet kept as perfect time, in the Virginia Reel and the old-fashioned waltz, as feet of today do, in fox-trots and one-steps. At these dances all the kin-folks and neighbors from the adjoining plantations came in carriages and on horseback. They came at sunset, danced until sun-rise, and stayed to breakfast.

Both gentlemen and ladies were great lovers of the chase. Fox-hunts were given, when everybody came and brought anywhere from ten to fifteen dogs. They came in the afternoon and spent the night, so as to get an early morning start. By sun-rise the hunters would be well on their way. Such a scene as it must have been! Fifteen or twenty-five riders, gaily laughing and calling to each other; and about seventy-five dogs, all yelping and barking as they tore across fields, ditches and fences. Sometimes, even when the hunt lasted all day, the sly fox would fool the eager hunters.

The religious interests of the planter consisted chiefly in going to church and Sunday school. The church was usually known as a "union church," for all denominations worshiped there. A Methodist minister would hold service one Sunday, a Presbyterian minister the next, and so on. There was always a balcony in the church, where the negroes sat. Often a drowsy, quiet sermon was abruptly interrupted by a shriek from above, as some faithful black "got happy."

In the home of the planter on the great plantation, there was no lack of educational and literary interests. There was no organized public school system, but schools, known as "neighborhood schools," were in nearly every community. These schools were kept up by the wealthy, and were for the benefit of the poor as well. Children were often taught by a governess. The governess lived in the home and prepared the children for boarding-school.

Through the stage coach or the steamboat, the planter was kept in touch with the world. Often it was arranged with booksellers in the northern cities to send all the newest books and papers at certain intervals, and it was a joyous time when they arrived. Papers were printed in many of the villages and towns throughout the South. A unique case was that of a newspaper being published on a plantation. This was in Georgia. The paper was a success from the beginning. It had a subscription list of two thousand, and its editorials were widely quoted by other southern papers.

Many plantations comprised thousands of acres, and frequently the proprietor of so vast an estate owned several hundred negroes. The management of such possessions required masterly executive and economic skill. The plantation was divided into small farms and settlements, almost villages. Over each of these divisions was placed a manager, called the overseer. Under the overseer were reliable colored men, who assisted in the management of the young negroes.

Every large plantation produced nearly all that it consumed. It was to the master's interest to see that his slaves were well clothed and fed, and that their health was carefully protected. This necessitated extensive grain culture, sheep, hog, and cattle-raising, and scores of mules and horses. Every plantation maintained its own gin-house, mill, carpenter shop, loom-house, blacksmith shop, and shoe shop. For all this work, the slaves were trained.

There were flocks and herds of every kind. Cattle, which furnished milk and butter, as well as beef and hides, were raised. Flocks of sheep furnished wool as well as mutton. There were chickens, ducks, geese, and turkeys without number. Hogs, which furnished probably the favorite meat of the Southerner, ham, were raised in great droves. On each plantation there was a man called the "hog feeder," who did nothing but look after the hogs. Before daybreak each morning, the hog feeder, with his watch-dog, started for the hog pasture, which was several miles away. He always drove a mule hitched to a wagon filled with hog feed, and his entire day was occupied in attending to his charges.

Hog-killing time came during the first cold spell, and this was truly a great time for all on the plantation. Great buckets of lard were made. Quantities of meat were ground up, seasoned, and made into sausage. Such parts of the hogs as the hams, shoulders, and heads were salted, peppered, and seasoned with molasses and various other things, and then hung in the smoke-house. In the smoke-house a slow hickory fire was kept burning for weeks, and the meat was "cured."

At the loom-house there was usually one skilled weaver in charge. Boys and girls worked, filling the quills to be in readiness for the shuttles. Here cloth was woven, from which the clothes for the slaves were made. Besides the coarse cotton homespun, handsome counterpanes were woven. As sheep were raised extensively and wool was plentiful, the slaves wove beautiful blankets and woolen goods. Dyes from sumac and other wild shrubs were made so that materials were dyed in many colors. Often the slaves had good ideas about combining colors and produced artistic designs.

The blacksmith shop furnished all the farm implements. Plow shafts, horseshoes, and even the nails used in erecting houses on the plantation, were wrought by the master's blacksmith.

In the carpenter's shop all kinds of woodenware were made: pails, polished trays, kitchen utensils, and even beautiful cabinets and pieces of furniture. There is still in the possession of the writer's mother a bureau and a wash-stand, remnants of a suite of furniture made on her great grandfather's plantation, of maple, which grew on the place. These articles show rare skill in workmanship.

Besides working in the shop, the carpenters were occupied in building houses. If the blacksmith could not furnish iron nails, stout lightwood pegs were used in shingling. A hole was bored, first, through the shingle into the sheeting boards on the roof, then the peg was driven in. On some old plantations, houses with framework joined by large wooden pegs, are yet standing.

Generally, between master and slave there was a feeling that was akin to filial love. The slave's constancy to his mistress while his master was on the battlefield contending against his liberty exemplified the loyalty of the slave and disproved the tyranny of the master. The typical antebellum planter and slave owner was a gentleman of refinement, culture and courage.

Ella Seawell, '21, Π Θ M

RESTRICTED

"Due to the fact that you've broken this rule,
Not for a month can you leave this school,"
Was the council's verdict in the middle of that night,
When they summoned me from bed, all trembling with fright.
For just yesterday, much to my sorrow,
I had broken the rule, "Girls, do not borrow."

Just as I was beginning to get reconciled to my doom,
I heard a voice say, "You were out of your room,
One night after room-bell had rung out its call,
And searching for eats in another hall."
"Had I done it?" I racked my brain to remember—
Yes, I had—'way back in September.

"Oh, why should I be in this trouble?" thought I.
"They all peck on me! Oh, I wish I could die!
I'm punished for everything dragged from the shelf."
But I can't fuss; I well know, I caused it myself.
And I know if I ever again leave this school,
I'll always remember to keep every rule.

SARAH JANE BOYD, '23, Π Φ M

CHRISTMAS AT AMDON HALL

(From the Diary of Millicent Amdon)

December 26, 1610.

Now that Christmas Day is over, I can write down my account of it. My grandchild, for whom I am keeping my diary, may like the account of my Christmas in 1610.

All yesterday the holly and mistletoe was brought in. With this we decorated the great hall. The great oaken staircase was twined with vines and holly was put above the pictures of my grandsires.

Then my cousin, Amyas Preston, recently come back from the court of Elizabeth, did, with much laughter-making and jesting, put up the mistletoe. Then with a great shout the Yule-log was brought in, hauled by four stout fellows. It was lighted with much ceremony by me. So the happy Yule-tide began at Amdon Hall.

All day the poor people came for the good cheer which is now set forth. My good mother and honoured father have given much to the poor of our parish.

Very early Christmas morning I was awakened by the waits' coming, and never did I hear such sweet carols as they sang in the clear, cold air.

Christmas morning we all went through the snow to the service at the church. All the gentry was there, as well as the poor, the church being filled. The sermon was of the real Christmas spirit of self-sacrifice, and nobody was caught napping.

Returning to the Hall we had the Christmas dinner. Such geese, hams, and pastries, one never saw. There was also a strange root, called the "potato," which Amyas Preston

had brought from the colony of Virginia and had given to me as a Christmas gift. The dinner lasted so long that it was dusk before all the toasts were drunk.

Then the great hall was cleared for the dance, and the fiddlers were brought in, making merry. My father led out Lady Menister, and my mother danced with Sir Horton Dunson. After the first stately dance the hall was turned over to the young people, while the older people sat and watched us strictly.

I noticed that Amyas Preston danced much with me, which fact pleased and flattered me very much. Then my father danced with me, and after that the dance was over, at a very late hour, eleven o'clock.

The Yule-log was covered up: so it may burn for many more days, for Amyas hath said he will remain with us as long as the Yule-log burns.

I only hope my grandchild's Yule-tide may be as happy as mine has been.

JANET QUINLAN, '24, Π Φ M

A BOARDING SCHOOL GHOST

Rappity—rap, tap, tap—rappity—rap—tap! From two of the inmates of room 52 this noise brought only more pronounced snores, but the third girl was wide awake.

"Please, everybody, listen; There goes that weird noise again. I hate sleeping in these windows! I'm scared. I'm going to move— For goodness sake, are you all asleep? I call that rather nervy, going right off to sleep, leaving me to my fate, when you *know* there's a ghost in the house."

Minnie hopped quickly out of bed and yanked it quickly and forcefully out of the little alcove, where it usually stayed.

"If this doesn't wake 'em up and scare the 'spooks' away, I'm going to— to—"

Her threat was unfinished, for just at that junction Eunice turned over and yawned sleepily, "What's the matter? Is the house falling down?"

"No, it's just Minnie and her pesky old ghost again!" This from the dark corner where Patsy's bed was. "Anybody'd think she was two years old, or maybe three. That's not anything but the vine beating against the window, silly. Get back into that bed before Miss Pursley comes in here and catches you. She's sure to think we are having a feast. Oh, I'm so hungry!"

"If you were as scared as I am you wouldn't talk about mere food. If you think it's just the vine, come over here and sleep, yourself. You won't catch me in that bed again!"

"Minnie, you old ''fraid cat!' Of course, I'll come over there and sleep! *I'm* not afraid of vines. But please don't talk so loud. Miss Pur—"

"Oh, I see! You're not afraid of vines, but you are afraid of Miss Pursley. She's no bear. I bet she'd be afraid, too. Watch out, I'm coming over there."

"I wish you two *would* get settled and let me go to sleep. I have to get up and finish my essay in the morning," said the studious Eunice, still lying peacefully in bed.

Finally Minnie and Patsy settled and peace reigned supreme for a while.

Rappity—tap—tap—tap—glug—glug—! Patsy turned over uneasily and pulled the cover up over her head.

Tap—tap—rappity—rap—click—glug!

Patsy sat up in bed.

"My hair is standing straight up! I give it up. I guess I *am* afraid of vines, Minnie. I want my bed. You can have yours. There's *nothing* over there."

"Oh! you got scared, too, did you? I told you so! But *please* don't talk so loud, or Miss Pursley will hear you," Minnie mimicked.

By this time Patsy had groped her way across the room and was pounding Minnie vigorously. "I don't care if she does. I'm scared. Get out of my bed or let me in with you," she said between pounds.

"Get in then, because *I'm* going to stay here 'till it gets light. My, it's cold!" and Minnie's voice rose higher and higher.

Tap, tap, tap—! "May I come in?" at the door.

"There, I told you so!" Patsy whispered from under the cover.

"We're asleep, do you hear?" Minnie's voice came also from the subterranean depths.

Miss Pursley softly entered the room. Her drab bathrobe was pulled up close about her old-maid neck and her night-cap perched precariously on the back of her thin gray-brown hair.

"Minnie Deel Quincey! What are you doing over there? What's your bed out in the middle of the floor for? Where's Patsy?" For Patsy was away under the covers, fast asleep!

"Miss— Miss Pursley, there's a 'hant' in this room." Minnie finally quavered, "We were afraid. Patsy's here in the bed."

"Nonsense— I'll stand no more of your foolishness. Get over there in your own bed. No, don't get in with it pushed away out. Push it back against the windows.

Rappity—tap, tap—rappity—rap—cluck—glug! this time louder than ever.

"Oh! It's a burglar, I'm sure! He is trying to raise the window! I wish there were a man in the house. No one but poor defenseless women!" Miss Pursley was pale and shaky, and her night-cap trembled visibly.

"Now, girls, don't get excited! A calm mind is better than a weapon. I'll go get my revolver and electric torch and scare him away."

"Hurry, Miss Pursley, we will all be killed." Patsy, forgetting she was supposed to be asleep, jumped out of the bed and grabbed Minnie. The two girls clung together, with their eyes shut, while Miss Pursley secured her weapons.

Eunice slept peacefully on.

Just as Miss Pursley came in the door, the noise started again.

Rappity—rap—tap—tap—cluck-cluck!

"The burglar is at that right-hand window, I believe," Miss Pursley said, with a calmness she was far from feeling. She started for the window, the revolver clutched in one hand, and the torch in the other. The girls timidly followed.

Summoning all her courage and resolution, Miss Pursley flashed the light directly on the window.

There sat an old white hen, blinking stupidly in the light, her bill resting lightly on the window pane!

Rachel Stice, '24, Σ Φ K.

A HOLD-UP

"Well, what do you suggest? We've got to get these clothes pressed. I will not miss that dance," said Jerry, desperately.

"If you hadn't been so particular about those roses, we shouldn't have gone to the florist's and got caught in that shower," said Jimmie in a disgusted tone.

"Something's got to be done, and the pressing club is closed," Jerry said in a dejected voice.

He glanced out of the window. The people who lived on the corner, and whose back door almost collided with the side of the apartment house where Jimmy and Jerry lodged, were starting out for a drive.

As the chauffeur slammed the door of the car, Jerry slapped his knee. "The very idea!" he exclaimed excitedly. "The cook in that kitchen next door just left, and she has been ironing. I saw her through the window. I'm going over and press my suit."

Jimmy, who was not so daring, would not "follow suit." Jimmy hurriedly changed his clothes, and, with the damaged suit under his arm, made his way to the back of the house next door.

The door was locked, but there were two boxes next to the house, and Jerry, determined to carry out his purpose, placed one on top of the other, and climbed up to an open window. As the window was not very high, he could easily push the screen out. *Crack!* The next thing he knew he was pinned between window and sill. He remembered the crack he had seen in the glass a moment before. As he tried to raise the

window, another crash. The glass showered all around him. Why had he kicked? This was surely tough luck! The noise did not bring any one to the scene of action, so Jerry again pushed up the window and crawled in. There was the electric iron, just as the cook had left it. He turned on the current and began pressing.

He was still pressing the trousers, when he heard a noise in the hall outside, and a hushed voice said, "He was right in there when I saw him."

The door openend, and in walked a policeman, followed by two others and a scared-looking housemaid.

"Who are you?"

"J. W. Laughlin, 270 East Clark Street," said Jerry, feeling exceedingly uncomfortable.

"What are you doing here?"

"Just pressing these pants."

"Come along—"

"But—"

"Come along, I say—"

"But, old top, use discretion, search me! I haven't got anything. I am in tough luck. I can't go to the police office. I have a girl waiting to go to a dance. I've got an engagement!" he exclaimed breathlessly.

The front door opened and the family came in. On hearing the commotion in the kitchen, they hurried out to find the policeman trying to arrest Jerry. Mrs. Hildrett recognized him as her neighbor. They all had a good laugh at Jerry's explanation.

As it was rather late when Jerry finished pressing his trousers, Mrs. Hildrett offered her car that he might lose as little time as possible in getting to the dance.

Virginia Lutes, '24.

SKETCHES

Daddy John's Explanation of the Scripture

As he carefully dusted the big, comfortable chairs in the sunny office, Daddy John sagely nodded his old, white, woolly head and muttered something to himself. Standing behind the judge, who was writing at the mahogany secretary, he nervously shifted his weight from one enormous foot to the other. His black, wrinkled face, with its huge, flat nose and thick lips, looked blacker than ever in contrast with his snowy shirt. His dark suit, though old and patched, was without a wrinkle. Rolling his eyes upward, in the most sanctified manner, Daddy John gave a loud *ahem.*

"Well," said the handsome old judge, "what's the trouble, Daddy John?"

Trying to look very modest, Daddy John answered, "Uh-uh-h, Mass Chalton, I jes wants to tell you dat I can 'spound anything in de Scripture."

Shaking with amusement, Judge Charlton choked out, "Well, Daddy John, I certainly am glad to hear that. That verse, 'The heavens declare the glory of God and the firmament showeth his handiwork,' has always bothered me. Now, what does the word *firmament* mean?"

"Dat word *firmament,* piously answered Daddy John, "it am a species ob self-righteousness. Now when Paul and Peter was a persecutin' Pentecost in de wilderness—"

"Hold on, Daddy John," said the judge, "Pentecost wasn't born yet!"

"Yas-sah! yas-sah, he was!" shouted the old negro," Pentecost was a done growed-up young man!"

LILY WINN, '22, Σ Φ K.

Playing for Keeps

Bill gazed around the yard, measured the distance, and carefully drew a circle with the toe of a stubby, worn-out boot. His suit was soiled, and the right pocket of his coat bulged conspicuously. His beaming face, with its upturned little nose and thickly sprinkled freckles, shone with intelligence. A mop of yellow hair practically stood on end as a result of his recent attempt to "cultivate a pompadour just like brother's." A patch of knee, rusty from its many contacts with the hard earth, showed through a hole in a heavily ribbed stocking. A dirty, chapped little hand dived into the bulging pocket, and brought forth a handful of beautiful red, blue, green, and yellow marbles. The proud owner placed each one *just* so, within the circle. Then the left hand ransacked numerous other pockets, bringing to view, finally, a large glass marble. Happily he dropped on the right knee, grasped the big marble between thumb and forefinger, took aim, and shot. The marbles scattered.

"Better say good-bye to your marbles, Jim!" laughed Bill gleefully, as he nodded to an imaginary playmate on the other side of the circle.

Evelyn Richardson, '22, Σ Φ K.

Ignorance is Bliss

The dim rays of the early morning sun smiled into room 244. It was not a handsomely furnished room, or a neat one. The walls, of deep buff, were practically covered with pennants, pictures, and magazine covers. The shelves and bureau, with the exception of a few books and toilet articles, could boast of only the same ornaments. On the floor and in the

chairs there was a conglomeration of opened cans, orange and banana peelings, pillows, nut shells, crumbs, and feminine wearing apparel. In a box near the bed was a chafing-dish, and everywhere within the radius of three feet of that were spots of chocolate fudge, even on Doris' and May's faces. Doris and May lay quite still, hidden under the cover except for their dirty faces and bare arms. Their steady breathing did not disturb the two tiny mice, playing on the blue-flowered quilt. Presently one mouse ran across the mass of mingled brown and auburn hair on the pillow, and in the course of his journey, became entangled. He finally got away, taking several souvenirs of hair with him. A blood-curdling shriek! A pink-clad figure sat up stiff in bed, wringing her hands, staring with startled, brown eyes around her, and screaming with all her lung power. But from the girl beside her came only the sound of slow, regular breathing. May turned and shook her vigorously. "Doris! Doris, somebody's under the bed. He pulled my hair!" she cried in a high-pitched, frightened voice. "Oh wake up, wake up!"

Doris emitted a low grunt as May continued shaking her. Finally she turned over, but still made no response. After May had shaken her until she was nearly blue in the face, she opened her eyes drowsily, and condescended to say in a sleepy, cross voice, "May, you're the unkindest thing in school. Gowan to sleep. Are you gonna back out of sleeping through breakfast with me?"

MARY CHAMBERLAIN HOWARD, '22, Σ Φ K.

Reward of Patience

The handsome floor lamp revealed, by its rose-hued glow, a broad, highly polished staircase, at whose foot waited a tall, finely built young man. His keen, restless eyes wandered

repeatedly from the spacious, richly furnished hall back to the staircase landing. With firmly pressed lips, he cast a hurried glance at his high crowned hat lying on the table. Impatiently he shifted from one shining shoe to the other. Once, after quickly thrusting his hand through his well-combed hair and almost upsetting its perfect order, he re-adjusted the silk scarf around his neck. Producing his gloves from his overcoat pocket, he gave them a sideward throw to the table. At last, he looked hopelessly up the gleaming stairs; and then, with a long drawn sigh and a decided frown, he seated himself on the bottom step. In a moment he was pacing the room. After a few turns, he stopped at the big front door, looking out into the darkness. There was a slight rustle on the stairway. He turned instantly. There, at his side stood a picture of loveliness laughing at him. Just as quickly a smile rushed to his cloudy countenance. Soon, he was laughing good-naturedly as he helped his partner into her coat.

Rena G. Young, '23, Π Θ M.

BUSY?

A "Busy" stared me in the face;
I could not knock, 'twould be disgrace!
Well could I guess why it was there;
Well did I know who was in the chair
By the table, with tired looks,
Trying to concentrate on some books.
Well did I know that there must she
Be cramming Math and History;
English, French, and Bible IV
Were being "absorbed" behind that door.
I paused to consider. Yes, I'd knock.
She'd soon recover from the shock.
And so I did. I heard no sound,
So I opened the door and looked around.
The chair was empty, the books piled high;
They hadn't been scanned by her eagle eye,
And then my glance fell on the bed—
And there I saw her. Her curly head
Was still as could be; she had been in no hurry
To cram for those "mid-terms."
Oh, why should we worry!

MARY CHAMBERLAIN HOWARD, '22, Σ Φ K.

DEPARTMENTS

Y. W. C. A.

A room-to-room canvas was made by the Cabinet at the beginning of school, to secure new members for our Y. W. C. A. Over 99 per cent signed up for membership, more than ever before. The prospects for the new year are quite promising.

A large number of students go out to the Old Soldiers' Home on the first Sunday of each month to assist Dr. White in the service by their singing. Last time they went, special vocal selections were rendered by the Misses Lucy Cooper, Katherine Carr, Rachel Witherington and Lula Norment.

Two visits have recently been made to the State Prison. On the last occasion, the Sunday before Christmas, Miss Catherine Brewer read "The Other Wise Man."

When Christmas time came, the girls responded liberally to the many causes which were presented. First, came Mrs. Sloop asking for dolls and toys for the little tots. Then we sent to the Samarcand girls the best basket-ball we could find in Raleigh. And to Balfour Orphanage we played Santa Claus by answering their Santa Claus letters. Also contributions were sent to the Chinese and the Armenians. These last causes were presented to the students in a little pageant given one Sunday night shortly before the holidays.

On the Sunday night before the holidays, the Y. W. C. A. held its Christmas services. Catherine Brewer read *The Other Wise Man;* and a beautiful tableau of the Nativity was presented.

LITERARY SOCIETIES

The Pi Theta Mu and Sigma Phi Kappa Literary societies hold their regular meetings on the second and fourth Saturday nights of each month. The following are programs from the society meetings.

Π Θ M

Roll Call.....Secretary
Business discussion:
Report of News Items.....Elsie Warren
Piano Solo.....Attawa Dixon
Paper: "Brief Sketch of Southern Poetry".....Nellie Burgess
Readings: "A Similar Case" and "You're Always Good Company" .....Mavis Lindsey
Vocal Selections—Grace Buchanaan, Katherine Carr, Lula Norment, Rachael Grady.
Reading: "The Usual Way".....Frances Crisp

Σ Φ K

Roll Call.....Secretary
(Answered by quotations)
Business discussion:
Piano Solo.....Mabel Pippin
Debate: Resolved, That the United States should enter the League of Nations.
Affirmative: Rachael Stice, Rebecca Stice
Negative: Ethel Hitt, Rhea Van Noppen
Jokes .....Elizabeth Hummell
Reading: "What Do we Mean by Nice?".....Mary Barden
Reading: "In the Pantry".....Catherine Brewer

GENERAL SCHOOL NEWS

Dr. Smith, who was conducting a series of services at State College, came over one day, and lectured to us during the Chapel exercises. His talk was extremely interesting, and was thoroughly enjoyed.

Mrs. C. C. Hook, of Charlotte, President of the State Federation of Women's Clubs, and Chairman of the North Carolina Legislative Council of Women, briefly outlined to us the work which the council hopes to accomplish.

Some of the students heard with much pleasure a most delightful program rendered by Schumann-Heink January 17th at the Auditorium.

A large number of students enjoyed the musical opera, "Robin Hood," at the Academy of Music January 13th.

Professor Charles Heck delivered a most interesting address in behalf of the Chinese cause. A number of the students volunteered to spend a part of their holidays in arousing interest for this deserving cause. North Carolina is the first State to adopt the plan of reaching the people through the students.

Dr. Delia Dixon Carroll came up to see us one night and gave us a most interesting and instructive talk on "Samarcand Manor." She pictured to us the life of the girls at work and at recreation.

The presidents of the classes and organizations of the school attended the funeral of Mrs. Mary Penick Baumann Sunday, January 9th.

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1920-1921

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ST. MARY'S AUDITORIUM, MONDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1920, 8:30 P. M.

* * *

PART ONE:
Lecture—"The Americanization of Music".....JOHN POWELL

PART TWO: Songs by GEORGE HARRIS, JR.

English Folk Songs (arranged by *Cecil Sharp*)
The Wraggle-Taggle Gypsies
Barbara Allen
Blow Away the Morning Dew
Lord Randal
The Crystal Spring
The Briery Bush
Lord Thomas of Winesberry

American Folk Songs (arranged by *Cecil Sharp*)
The Dear Companion
The Riddle-Song

Lonesome Tunes (American—arranged by *Howard Brockway*)
The Dying Soldier
Billie Boy
The Sweetheart in the Army
Frog Went a-Courting

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MISS SUE KYLE SOUTHWICK

MONDAY EVENING, JANUARY 10, 1921

ST. MARY'S AUDITORIUM

* * *

1. Ombra mai fu.....*Händel*
   Danza, fanciulla Gentile.....*Durante*
   Lieti, Signor.....*Meyerbeer*
   From the Opera "Les Huguenots"
2. The Young Nun.....*Schubert*
   Wanderer's Night Song.....*Liszt*
   Legend .....*Tschaikowsky*
   The Chestnut Tree.....*Schumann*
   Disappointed Serenader.....*Brahms*
3. J'ai pleuré en rêve.....*Hüe*
   Trois petits chats blancs.....*Pierné*
   Chantez, Ries, Dormez.....*Gounod*
4. How's My Boy?.....*Homer*
   Späcially Jim.....*Homer*
   Mother Dearest.....*Russian folk song*
   The Cunnin' Little Thing.....*Hageman*
   The Holiday.....*Curran*

MUSIC

CHRISTMAS CAROL SERVICE

BY CHORAL CLASS

* * *

Holy Night ..... *Michael Haydn*
It Came Upon the Midnight Clear..... *Ralph W. Cox*
Glory to God in the Highest..... *Flaxington Harker*
(LESLIE WENTZEL)
Oh! Little Town of Bethlehem..... *Cox*
Angels From the Realms of Joy..... *Cox*
Good King Wenceslas..... *Cox*
See Amid the Winter's Snow..... *Cox*
Angel Voices.....
(WANDEEN WEBBER)
Whoso Hears A-Chiming..... *Cecil-Forsyth*
Sleep Holy Babe..... *Cox*

The Choral Class rendered the special music for the Presbyterian Church Sunday evening, December 19th.

On Sunday night, December 19th, a group of girls went about the city singing Christmas carols. They visited the Yarborough, the Governor's Mansion, the *News and Observer* printing office, and several other places.

EXPRESSION

On two occasions pupils from the Expression Department have read for us at chapel time.

Besides the two plays given by the first and second year Dramatics girls, the following delightful Christmas play was given:

THE SENIOR DRAMATIC CLUB

PRESENTS

WHY THE CHIMES RANG

December 18, 1920; 8:00 P. M.

DIRECTED BY

ELIZABETH WREN SLOAN

* * *

Holger, a Boy of Twelve.....*Claribel Fountain*
Steen, His Brother.....*Susie Hubbard*
Bertel, the Boy's Uncle.....*Catherine Brewer*
Stranger, An Angel in Disguise.....*Norma Connell*
Priest.....*Lucy Cooper*
Gift Bearers:
  Student.....*Wilson Hodges*
  Queen.....*Margaret McCluer*
  Ladies.....*Catherine Brewer, Mavis Lindsey*
  Organist.....*Mary C. Howard*
SCENE: An Humble Cottage transformed into a Church.

EXCHANGES

We acknowledge the receipt of *The Wake Forest Student,* the *Carolina,* the *Technician,* the *Archive,* the *Muse,* the *Pine and Thistle,* the *Davidsonian,* the *Acorn,* the *Chathamite,* the *Blackstonian,* the *Tar Baby,* and the *Carolinian.*

We feel that we have derived benefit from our exchanges, and we shall be glad to exchange with other colleges.

JOKES

Miss Moseley: "What great work did Milton write just after his wife left him?"

Susie Hubbard: " 'Paradise Lost.' "

Margaret McCluer (when the deer was brought on the stage in "Robin Hood"): "Oh, they've got a real, live mule!"

"Liz" Hummell: "I've got to drop Spanish. It counterfeits with my English."

Mary Thomas: "Come on, Elizabeth, let's clear up our room."

Elizabeth: "Oh, no, I am not industriously declined."

Miss Byrne (calling the roll): "Martha Fairley."

Martha: "Hello."

Miss McLelland: "At five o'clock this afternoon the train tickets will be sold. I want every girl to go to the chapel and sit by her railroad."

Dead-broke girl (answering roll-call at a society meeting): " 'Who steals my purse, steals trash.' "

Miss Graham: "Was it the Penitentiary you went to this afternoon?"

Sprunt Hall: "No; it was the State Prison.

Found in a Bible test paper: "Solomon had the larva put in the temple for the priests to wash in."

Rebecca Stice (giving a quotation):

> " 'The evil that men do, lives after them,
> The good is oft interfered with by the bones.' "

Quiz: Give three ways of making hydrogen?

Answer on Martha Stanley's test paper: "I know but one way. Stick a test tube under the spigot and hydrogen will run in."

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Y. W. C. A.

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Vice-President .....Claribel Fountain
Secretary .....Elizabeth Sloan
Treasurer .....Laura Bell French

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Vice-President .....Martha Stanley
Secretary .....Nellie Burgess
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President .....Margaret Sprunt Hall
Vice-President .....Elizabeth Gibson
Secretary .....Nellie Russell
Treasurer .....Mary C. Howard

SOPHOMORE CLASS

President .....Ella Reynolds
Vice-President .....Elsie Warren
Secretary .....Attawa Dixon
Treasurer .....Eleanor Roberts

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Vice-President .....Lucille Hatch
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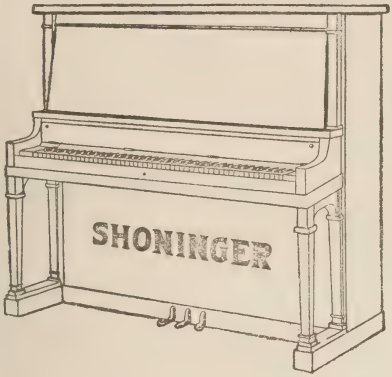

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